THE GENTLE SHEPHERD;

A Scots Pastoral

COMEDY.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD SAT BESIDE A SPRING,
ALL IN THE SHADOW OF A BUSHY BRIER,
THAT COLIN HEIGHT, WHICH WELL COULD PIPE AND SING,
FOR HE OF TITYRUS HIS SONG DID LERE.

SPENCER, p. 1113.

A New Edition, with the Sangs.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.
PATIE, The gentle Shepherd, in Love with *Peggy*.
ROGER, A rich young Shepherd, in Love with *Jenny*
SYMON, } Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir Wil-
GLAUD. } liam.
BAULDY, A Hind, engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, Thought to be Glaud's Niece.
JENNY, Glaud's only Daughter.
MAUSE, An old Woman ſuppoſed to be a Witch.
ELSPA, Symon's Wife.
MADGE, Glaud's Siſter.

SCENE.

A Shepherd's Village and Fields, ſome few Miles from the City of Edinburgh.

Time of Action, within twenty-four Hours.

The Gentle Shepherd.

Act I. Scene I.

Beneath the South ſide of a craigy beild,
Where chriſtal ſprings the haleſome waters yield,
Twa youthful ſhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger grane's till hollow echoes ring,
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and ſing.

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

Sang I. The waking of the Fauld.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Juſt entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair, to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mare, of a' that's rare,
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the love I'm cauld:
But ſhe gars all my ſpirits glow
At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld;
And naething gives me ſic delight,
As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play:
By a' the reſt it is confeſs'd,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt:
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of ſenſe,
At waking of the fauld.

THIS ſunny morning, *Roger*, chears my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How hartſome is't to ſee the riſing plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleaſing rants!
How haleſome is't to ſnuff the cawler air,
And all the ſweets it bears when void of care!
What ails thee, *Roger*, then? What gares thee grane?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie!* to a thrawart fate;
I'm born to ſtrive with hardſhips ſad and great.
Tempeſt may ceaſe to jaw the row and flood,
Corbies and Tods to grein for lambkins blood:
But I, oppreſt with never-ending grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees ſhall loath the flower and quit the hive,
The ſaughs on boggy ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcorntul queans or loſs of wardly gear
Shall ſpill my reſt or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I ſay; but it's no eaſy done
By ane whaſe ſaul's ſae ſadly out of tune.

You have ſae ſaft a voice, and ſlid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young;
If I but ettle at a ſang or ſpeak,
They dit their lugs, ſyne up the leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with many a vexing thought,
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a laſs's eye.
For ilka ſheep ye have I'll number ten,
And ſhould as many ane may think, come farther ben.

Patie. But ablins, Neighbour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
A mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.

Roger. My byes tumbled, nine bra' nout were ſmoor'd,
Three elf ſhot were, yet I theſe ills endured;
In winter laſt my cares were very ſma',
Though ſcores of weathers periſh'd in the ſnaw.

Patie. Were your bein rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs ye wad loſs, and leſs ye wad repine;
He that has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep.
The o'ercome only fathes fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of mony a loſs.
Oh! may'ſt thou dote on ſome fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench.
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I ſauld them ilka clute,
At the *Weſt Port*, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plumbtree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whiſtle with a pleaſant ſound:
I'll be merry wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than ye with all your caſh, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breaſt.
I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a' creep yet with the freight.

Patie. Now to a friend, how ſilly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well ſeen love, and dorty *Jenny's* pride.
Take courage, *Roger*, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but yourſel.

Roger. Indeed no, *Patie*, ye have gueſs'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep frae you.
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a ſquint,
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unka blate.
But yeſterday I mat her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhelly coated kow:
She *Bauldy* loves, *Bauldy* that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and ſays, I ſmell o' tar.

Patie. But *Bauldy* lo'es not her, right well I wat,
He ſighs for *Naps*.—Sae that may ſtand for that.

Roger. I wiſh I cou' nae lo'e her—But in vain;
I ſtill maun do't, and thole her proud diſdain.
My *Bawty* is a cur I dearly like;

Even while he fawn'd ſhe ſtrake the poor dumb tike:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad have ſhawn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.
When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
With a' her face ſhe ſhews a caulriſe ſcorn.
Laſt night I play'd, (ye never heard ſic ſpite)
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her cuſin ſpeer'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks wander where ye like; I dinna care:
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.

Patie. E'en do ſae, *Roger*, wha can help miſluck,
Saebeins ſhe be ſic a thrawn gabet chuck?
Yonder's a craig, ſince ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Roger. I needna make ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill:
I'll warrant death come ſoon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that ſilly whinging way,
Seem careleſs, there's my hand, ye'll win the day.
Here how I ſerv'd my laſs I love as weel
As ye do *Jenny*, and with heart as leel.
Laſt morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
I ſaw my *Meg* come linking o'er the lee:
I ſaw my *Meg*, but *Meggy* ſaw nae me:
For yet the Sun was wading through the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me e'er ſhe wiſt.
Her coats were kiltit and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs, that whiter were than ſnaw:
Her Cockernony ſnooded up fou ſleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;

Her cheek ſae ruddy, and her een ſae clear;
And O! her mouth's like any hinny peer.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in buſtine waiſtcoat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythſome I cry'd, My bonny *Meg* come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're ſae ſoon aſteer;
But I can geſs ye're gawn to gather dew.
She ſcour'd awa', and ſaid, What's that to you?
Then fare ye well, *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveleſs errand back.
Miſca'd me firſt—then bad me hound my dog
To wear up three waſt ewes ſtray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe; then with great haſte,
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waſte:
About her yielding waſte, and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul came louping to my lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe flet wi' me 'tween ilka ſmack;
But weel I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpake.

Sang II.—Fy gae rub her o'er with ſtrae.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe. Then be not blate,
Puſh Bauldy on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue;
But tent the language of their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt,
To anſwer all your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind *Patie*, now fair fa' your honeſt heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and have ſic an art
To hearten ane: For now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cheriſh'd me ſince ye began to ſpeak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak you a propine,
My mother (reſt her ſaul) ſhe made it fine,
A tartan plaid, ſpun of good hawflock woo,
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blew,
With ſprings like gowd and ſilver, croſs'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye worthy o't, wha' have ſae kind
Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Well, had ye here: And ſince ye've frankly made
A preſent to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute be yours; and ſhe too that's ſae nice
Shall come a will gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerve't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye beſt deſerve't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny ſpring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and ſing.

Patie. But firſt we'll take a turn up to the height,
And ſee gif all our flocks be feeding right.

Be that time, bannocks, and a ſhave of cheeſe,
Will make a breakfaſt that a laird might pleaſe:
Might pleaſe the daintieſt gabs, were they ſo wiſe,
To ſeaſon meat with health inſtead of ſpice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whiſtle fine, and ſing t'ye like myſell.

Act I. Scene II.

A flow'rie how between twa verdant braes
Where laſſes uſe to waſh and ſpread thier claiths,
A trotting burnie whimpling throſh the ground,
Its channel peebles, ſhining, ſmooth and round.
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean ann clear;
Firſt pleaſe your eye, next gratify your ear,
While Jenny what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,
And Meg with better ſence true-love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. Come *Meg*, let's fa' to wark upon this green
The ſhining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift uncluded blew,
Will mak them like a lilly wet with dew.

Peggy. Go farther up the burn to *Habbie's-how*,
Where a' the ſweets of ſpring and ſummer grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a ſing and din;
A pool, breaſt deep beneath, as clear as glaſs,
Kiſſes with eaſy whirles the bord'ring graſs:
We'll end our waſhing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There waſh our ſels.—'Tis healthfou now in *May*,
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft laſſie, when we'er naked, what'll ye ſay
If our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And ſee us ſae, That jeering fallow *Pate*,
Wad taunting ſay, Haith, laſſes, ye're no blate.
Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of ſight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height;
But tell me now dear *Jenny*, we're our lane,
What gars you plague your wooer with diſdain!
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the beſt day e'er ye ſaw.
Jenny. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an end,
A herd mair ſheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right ſnug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk penſily he wears a thought a jee,
And ſpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee:
He faulds his owerlay down his breaſt with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair,
For a' that he can neither ſing nor ſay,
Except, How d'ye?—or, There is a bonny day.
Peggy. Ye daſh the lad with conſtant ſlighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco ſair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cau'd,
What's like a dorty maiden when ſhe's auld?

Sang III.—Polwart on the green.

The dorty will repent
If lover's hearts grows cauld,
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld:

The daunted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.
They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt,
Thus by its ſell abus'd,
The tool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy, *Jenny*, think, and dinna ſit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a ſingle life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I:—But love in whiſpers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If *Roger* is my jo, he kens himſel,
For ſic a tale I never heard him tell
He glow'rs and ſighs, and I can gueſs the cauſe;
But wha's oblig'd to ſpell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'ſe tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that ſlavery like and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themſelves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways, for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

Jenny. Heh, laſs! how can you loo that rattle-ſcull,
A very deel that a maun hae his will;
We'll ſoon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead ſae ſoon's ye're man and wife.

Sang IV.—O dear mother what ſhall I do.

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling,
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.

Laſſes, when their fancies carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy. I'll rin the riſk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langſome day a year,
Till I with pleaſure mount the bridal bed,
Where on my *Patie*'s breaſt I'll lean my head.
There we may kiſs, as lang as kiſſing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude.
He gets his will: Why no? 'Tis good my part,
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o'ye with an unka fraiſe,
And daut ye both afore folk and your lane;
But ſoon as his new frangleneſs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his teather-ſtake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your ſake.
Inſtead then of lang days of ſweet delight,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neiſt he'll flyte:
And may be in his barlikhoods ne'er ſtick
To lend his loving wife a lound'ring lick.

Peggy. Sic courſe ſpun thoughts as they want pith to move
My ſettl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread no other ſkaith,
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green,
Has ſic a ſmile, or ſic twa glancing een,
And then he ſpeaks with ſuch a taking art;
His words they thirle like muſic through my heart.

How blythely can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at feckleſs fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle ſkill.
He is—But what need I ſay that or this?
I'd ſpend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he ſays or does, there's ſic a gate,
The reſt ſeems coofs, compar'd with my dear *Pate*.
His better ſenſe will lang his love ſecure:
Ill-natur'd heſſs in ſauls are weak and poor.

Jenny. Hey bonny laſs of *Brankſome*, or't be lang,
Your witty *Pate* will put you in a ſang.
O 'tis a pleaſant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging gets about your ingle ſide,
Yelping for this or that with faſheous din;
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
A waen fa's ſick, ane ſcads it ſell wi' broe,
And breaks his ſhin, anithea tynes his ſhoe.
The deil gaes o'er *John Webſter*: Hame grows hell,
When *Pate* miſca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Sang V.—How can I be ſad on my wedding day.

Peggy. How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae
That has better ſenſe than any of thae,
Sour weak ſilly ſel ows, that ſtudy like fools,
To ſink their ain joy, and make their wives ſnools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſma' failing, but find an excuſe.

Yes, 'tis a hartſome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle edge young ſprouts are rife,
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall have delight

To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow *Jenny*! can there greater pleaſure be,
Than ſee ſic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a they ettle at—their greateſt wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when Love makes care delight?
Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the worſt of a':
Gif o'er your heads ill chance ſhould beggary draw;
But little love, or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry room.
Your knowt may die;—the ſpate may bear away
Frae af the howms your dainty rucks of hay;—
The thick blawn wreaths of ſnaw, or blaſhy thows,
May ſmoor your weathers, and may rot your ews:
A dyvor buys your butter, woo, and cheeſe,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees:
With glooman brows the laird ſeeks in his rent:
'Tis not to gie your merchant's to the bent;
His honour manna want, he points your gear:
Syne driven frae houſe and hald, where will ye ſteer?
Dear *Meg*, be wiſe, and lead a ſingle life,
Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.
Peggy. May ſic ill lucks befa' that ſilly ſhe
Wha has ſic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode well, and ſtrive to do their beſt,
Nae mair's requir'd, let heaven mak out the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt uncle aften ſay,
That lads ſhould a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maiſt thrifty men could never get
A well-ſtor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let.

Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raiſe my ſhepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For hailſame, clean, cheap, and ſufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,
Shall firſt be ſald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus without fear,
With love and rowth we through the warld will ſteer.
And when my *Patie* in bairns and geer grows riſe,
He'll bleſs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if ſome young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your *Patie* think his half worn *Meg*,
And her kind kiſſes, were not worth a feg.

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear *Jenny* to be free,
There's ſome men conſtanter in love than we.
Nor is the ſelly great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them with the tolitude of mind.
They'll reaſon calmly, and with kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort paſſions wad our peace beguile.
Sae whenſoe'er they ſlight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maiſt to blame,
Then I'll employ with pleaſure a' my art,
To keep him chearfu', and ſecure his heart.
At e'en when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain;
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth ſtane:
And ſoon as he flings by his plaid and ſtaff,
The ſaething pot's be ready to take aff.

Clean hag a-bag I'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets ſhall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.
Jenny. A diſh of married love right ſoon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane as fowk grows auld.
Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loſs of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make ſure a firmer tye,
Than ought in love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa elms that grow up ſide by ſide,
Suppoſe them ſome years ſyne bridegroom and bride,
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've preſt,
Till wide their ſpreading branches are increaſt,
And in their mixture now are fully bleſt.
This ſhields the other frae the eaſtlin blaſt,
That in return defends it fra the weſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle—(a ſtate ſae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk ſtorm frae every airth maun bow.
Jenny. I've done—I yield; dear laſſie, I maun yield;
Your better ſenſe has fairly won the field.
With the aſſiſtance of a little fae,
Lyes darn'd within my breaſt this mony a day.

Saug VI.—Nancy's to the Green Wood gane.

I yield, dear Laſſie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying.

For a' that we can do or ſay,
'Gainſt love nae thinker heeds us.
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-ſtrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake! poor pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing tak the air:
Haſte let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's* or poor *Roger's* man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good;—for ſee the ſun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the greath —If canker'd *Madge*, our aunt,
Come up the burn, ſhe'll gi'es a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this ſeems true—nae laſs can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the firſt Act.

Act II. Scene I.

A ſnug thack-houſe, before the door a green;
Hens on the midd'ng, ducks in the dubs are ſeen:
On this ſide ſtands a barn, on that a byer,
A peet-ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquare.
The houſe is Glaud's,---there you may ſee him lean,
And to his divet-ſeat invite his friend.

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD morrow nibour *Symon*—come ſit down,
And gi'es your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And ſald your crummock and her baſſen'd quey;
I'll warrant ye've coft a pound of cut and dry:
Lug out your box, and gi'es a pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my heart:—And tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart with joy.
I coudna reſt till I came o'er the burn,
To tell you things have taken ſic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppreſſors ſtend like fleas,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw!—Ah *Symmie:* ratling chiels near ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt lies aff hand;
Whilk ſoon flies round like will-fire, far and near:
But looſe your pock, be't true or falſe let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud;* and I've ſeen
Hab, that abroad has with our maſter been,
Our brave good maſter, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair eſtate to ſave his head,
Becauſe you ken fou well he bravely choſe
To ſtand his liege's friend with great Montroſe.
Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Nick;* and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the rumple a right flee begunk,

Reſtor'd King *Charles ;* and ilka thing's in tune ;
And *Habby* ſays we'll ſee Sir *William* ſoon.

Sang VII.—Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.

Cauld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody ;
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt,
Strung a' up in a woody:
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high in ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed :—But dinna
ſlaw ;
Tell o'er your news again ! and ſwear till't a',
And ſaw ye Hab ! And what did Halbert ſay ?
They have been e'en a dirty time away.
Now God be thank'd that our laird's come hame,
And his eſtate ſay, can he eithly claim ?
Symon. They that hag raid us till our guts did grane
Like greedy bairns dare nae mair do't again ;
And good Sir William ſhall enjoy his ain.
Glaud. And may he lang ; for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving, with a racket rent.
Nor grumbl'd if ane grow rich, or ſtord to raiſe
Our mailins when we put on Sunday's claiths.
Symon. Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy air,
Allow our layrt noddles to be bare.
" Put on your bonnet Symon ;—tak a ſeat—
" How's all at hame ? How's Elſpa ? How does Pate

"How ſells black cattle?—What gi'es woo this year?"
And ſic kindly queſtions wad he ſpear.

Sang VIII.—Mucking of Geordy's Byer.

The Laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants wha labour
To raiſe aboon poverty:
Elſe like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd,
And burden'd will tumple down faint;
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmotherd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen,
The nappy bottle ben, and glaſſes clean:
Whilk in our breaſt raiſed ſic a blythſome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye ſtay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day?
We'll ſend for *Elſpa* too;—and upo' ſight,
I'll whiſtle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the height,
I'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the neiſt town,
And bring a draught of ale baith ſtout and brown,
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine they gate to ſtand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth deſign,
Gif that it had na firſt of a' been mine:
For heer yeſtreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa weathers prime and fat:
A furlet of good cakes my *Elſpa* beuk,
And a large ham hings reeſting in the nook.

I ſaw myſell, o'er I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot that ſcalds the whey put on,
A mutton bouk to boil;—and ane we'll reaſt;
And on the haggies *Elſpa* ſpares nae coſt,
Small are they ſhorn, and ſhe can mix ſou nice
The guſty ingans with a curn of ſpice.
Fat are the puddings —Heads and feet well ſung,
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To paſs this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our maſter's health and welcome hame.
I manna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt friend that I like beſt.
Bring wi' ye all your family, and then
Whene'er ye pleaſe I'll rant wi' ye again.

Glaud. Spoke like yourſell, auld birky; never fear,
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear!
Faith we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld ſaid I!—Troth I'm younger by a ſcore
With your good news than what I was before.
I'll dance or e'en! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

ENTER MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome here.
What wad ye *Glaud*, with a' this haſte and din?
Ye never let a body ſit to ſpin

Glaud. Spin, ſnuff:—Gae break your wheel and burn your tow,
And ſet the meikle peet-ſtack in a low,

Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
Since now again we'll ſoon Sir *William* ſee.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—And wha has tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my *Sunday's* coat?

Wale out the whiteſt of my bobit bands;
My white ſkin hoſe and mittans for my hands.
Then, frae their waſhing cry the bairns in haſte,
And mak ye'er ſells as trig, head, feet, and waſte;
As ye were a' to get young lads ere e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Symon. Do honeſt *Madge*,—and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the gate.
And ſee that a' be done as I wad ha't.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene. II.

The open field.---A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife ſpinning at the ſunny end.
At a ſmall diſtance, by a blaſted tree,
With faulded arms, and half-rais'd looks ye ſee.

BAULDY *his laue.*

Bauldy. What's this!—I canna bear't! tis war than hell
To be ſae burnt with love, yet darna tell?
O *Peggy!* ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new maun hay:
Blyther than lambs that friſk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than ought that in the foreſt grows,

Her een the cleareſt blob of dew outſhines;
The lilly in her breaſt its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For *Pate* looes her,—waes me, and ſhe looes *Pate*,
And I with *Neps*, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow! O but ane be a beaſt,
That makes raſh aith, til he's afore the prieſt.
I dare na ſpeak my mind elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis ſare to thole—I'll try ſome witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here *Mauſy* lives, a witch, that for ſma' price,
Can caſt her cantrips, and give me advice.
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk yards ſhe raves,
And howks unchriſten'd weans out of her graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
And rins witherſhins about the hemlock low;
Seven times does her prayers backward ſay,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay.
Mixt with the venom of black taids and ſnakes,
Of this unſonſy pictures, aft ſhe makes
Of any ane ſhe hates:—and gars expire,
With ſlaw and reeking pains afore a fire;
Stuck fou of prines, the deviliſh pictures melt,
The pain by fowk the repreſent is felt.
And yonder's Mauſe: Ay, ay, ſhe kens fou weil,
When ane like me comes running to the deil.
She and her cat ſits beaking in her yard,

To ſpeak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I ſhould never thrive,
They gallop faſt that deils and laſſes drive. *Exit.*

Act II. Scene III.

A green kail-yard, a little font,
Where water popland ſprings,
There ſits a wife with wrinkl'd font,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

Sang IX.—Carle and the King come.

Mauſe. Peggy, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come,
Thou may dance and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the King's come:
Nae mair the hawkies ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for ſilk,
And be a Lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honeſt lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threeſcore ten.
Mauſe. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld lims afore the ſun.
What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to threſh nae corn?
Bauldy. Enough of baith:—But ſomething that requires
Your helping hand, imploys now all my cares.
Mauſe. My helping hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poorith bow?
Bauldy. Ay, but you're wiſe, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt part of the pariſh tells a lie.

Mauſe. Of what kind wiſdom think ye I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my character aboon the reſt?

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're ſae wiſe and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I ſoud tell.

Mauſe. What fouk ſay of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing hae to fear.

Bauldy. Weil, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.
When laſt the wind made Glaud a rooſleſs barn;
When laſt the burn bore down my mother's yarn;
When Brawny elf-ſhot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, and there nai butter came;
When Beſſy Freelock's chuffy cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cudna ſtand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd a' night throw the ſhaw,
And tint himſel amaiſt amang the ſnaw;
When Mungo's mare ſtood ſtill and ſwat with fright,
When he brought Eaſt the howdy under night;
When Bawſy ſhot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a ſnood was nae mair ſeen:
You, Lucky, gat the weight of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
And ſae they may that mint to do ye ſkaith,
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neiſt mak groats, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with a furlet of them mixt with peaſe.

Mauſe. I thank you lad—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me—
Peggy likes Pate—and Pate's bauld and ſlee,

And loos ſweet Meg: But Neps I downa ſee—
Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then,
Peggy's to me.—I'll be the happieſt man.

Mauſe. I'll try my art to gar the bouls row right,
Sae gang your ways and come again to night.
'Gainſt that time I'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth a' your peaſe and groats, take ye nae care.

Bauldy. Well, Mauſe, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raiſe the deil, he'll raiſe the wind,
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak the night ſae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant at Symon's at a feaſt,
O will ye come like badrans, for a jeſt?
And there ye can our different haviours ſpy;
There's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.

Mauſe. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle caſt.

Bauldy. If I ought of your ſecrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France. *Exit. Baldy.*

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of faſhion, and a lanely beild,
With a ſma' caſt of wiles, ſhould in a twitch,
Gie ane the hatefu' name, A wrinkled witch.
This fool imagines, as do many ſic,
That I'm a witch, in compact with Auld Nick;
Becauſe by education I was taught,
To ſpeak and act aboon their common thought.

Their groſs miſtake ſhall quickly now appear,
Soon ſhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane ken'ſt but me; and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' ſing dumb.

Exit.

Act II. Scene IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Patie and his Peggy meet;
In love without a vicious ſtrain,
The bonny laſs and chearſu' ſwain
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy. O Patie let me gang, I mauna ſtay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny ſhe's away.
Patie. I'm laith to part ſae ſoon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa with Jenny gane:
They're as content, for aught I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſelves, I judge, as we.
Here where primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How ſaft the weſtlin winds ſooth thro' the reeds.
Peggy. The ſcented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
For ought I ken may mair than Peggy pleaſe.
Patie. Ye wrang me ſair to doubt my being kind,
In ſpeaking ſae ye ca' me dull and blind:
Gif I cou'd fancy ought ſae ſweet or fair,
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt brier,
Thy cheek and breaſt the fineſt flowers appear;
Thy words excel the maiſt delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
With thee I tent nae flowers that buſk the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield.
The ſweeteſt fruits that hang upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiſs of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for ſome wicked end may ſeach,
And limbs ſhould tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna ſtay—ye joker let me gang,
Anither laſs may gar ye change your ſang,
Your thoughts may ſhit, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother ſhall her kindneſs drap,
And wrang the bairn ſits ſmiling on her lap;
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The gaits to climb—the ſheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or done,
Shall ſkaith our love, I ſwear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith.—but mony lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in half a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart ſhould ſteal
Your Meg, forſaken, bootleſs might relate,
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs Pate.

Patie. I'm ſure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Though we're but young, I've lov'd you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou couldſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out words, I chooſe ye frae the thrang

Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tanſy knows, or raſhy ſtrand.
Thou ſmiling by my ſide—I took delyte
To pou the aſhes green, with roots ſae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy could,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and ſnood.

Peggy. When firſt thou gade with ſhepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes firſt try'd my ſkill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and riſing fells;
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blue berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or put the ſtane,
And wan the day, my heart was flattering fain:
At all thoſe ſports thou gaveſt joy to me;
For nane can wreſtle, run, or put with thee.

Patie. Jenny ſings ſaft the Broom of Cowden-knows;
And Roſie lilts the Milking of the ewes;
There's nane like Nancy, Jenny Nettle ſings,
At turns in Meggy Lawder, Marrion dings:
But when my Peggy ſings with ſweeter ſkill,
The Boatman or the Laſs of Patie's mill,
It is a thouſand times mair ſweet to me:
Tho' they ſung well, they canna ſing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can laſſes trou what they deſire;
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up the fire:
But wha loves beſt, let time and carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my love ſhall time defy.
Be ſtill as now, and all my cares ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

The foregoing, with a ſmall variation, was ſung at the acting as follows.

Sang X.—The yellow hair'd laddie.

Peggy. When firſt my dear Laddie gaid to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking firſt ſhe'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae toil was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie. When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blew hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet riſing ſells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave trouble to me.
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy. When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me;
For nane can putt, wreſtle, or run ſwift, as thee.

Patie. Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Roſey lilts ſweetly the milking of the ews;
There's few Jenny Nettle's like Nancy can ſing;
At Thro'-the-wood-laddie, Beſs gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy ſings wi better ſkill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-ſide, or the Laſs of the mill,
It's many times ſweeter and pleaſant to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy. How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire;
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire:
Gi'e me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be,
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At nought they'll ferly—ſenſeleſs tales believe;
Be blythe for ſilly hights, for trifles grieve:
Sic ne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better ſenſe without a ſlaw,
As in thy beauty far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us ſtay.

Patie. And let them ferly—now a kindly kiſs,
Or five ſcore good anes wad not be amiſs;
And ſyne we'll ſing the ſang with tuneſu' glee,
That I made up laſt night on you and me.

Peggy. Sing firſt, ſyne claim your hire.—

Patie.——————Well I agree,

Sang XI.

By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth;
And rowing eyes that ſmiling tell the truth,
I gueſs, my Laſſie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love; and why ſhould you deny?

Peggy. But ken ye, lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly times her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

Patie. But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine; and ſae may ye.
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I ha'e thold and woo'd a lang haff-year.

PEGGY ſinging falls into PATIE's arms.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a',
But ſtint your wiſhes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.

PATIE, (with his left hand about her waiſt.)

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Both. Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal day!
And if ye're wearied, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

End of the ſecond Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon ſpreading lime,
And tent a man whoſe beard ſeems bleach'd wi' time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whiſht! it is the knight in maſcurad,
That comes hid in this cloud to ſee his lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſufferer moves
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM *ſolus.*

THE gentleman thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I'll for a ſpace unknown delight mine eyes,
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I loſt—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midſt my joys ſome proſpects pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands
Without a roof, the gates faln frae their bands;
The caſements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of Tap'ſtry all bereft.
My ſtables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blaſt decaying falls.
My gardens once adorn'd, the moſt compleat,
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet:
Where round the figur'd green the peeble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their ſtalks:
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No hiacinths or eglintines appear.
How do theſe ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield,
And baſk'd in rays which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the uſe?
All round in gaps, the moſt in rubbiſh ly,
And from what ſtands the wither'd branches fly.
Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd:—and now my joy,
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to ſee my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heaven too ſoon call'd home his mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reaſon clear'd his thought,

I ſecretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him ſtrictly to conceal his birth,
Till we ſhould ſee what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf he ſtarts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, ſerenely gay,
With other ſhepherds whiſtling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
A quiet contented mortal ſpends his time,
In hearty health, his ſoul unſtain'd with crimes!

Or ſung as follows. *Sang XII.—Happy clown.*

Hid from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn;
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
After his bleeting flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocriſy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unſullied with a crime;
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's houſe I'll bend my way,
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and ſing. *Exit.*

Act III. Scene II.

It's Symon's houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,
And viſſy't round and round;
There's nought ſuperfluous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
Glances amidſt the floor;
The green-horn ſpoons, beech-luggies mingle
On ſkelfs foregainſt the door.
While the young brood ſport on the green,
The auld anes think it beſt;
Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tack their reſt.

SIMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young ourſels—I like to ſe
The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie's* grown a ſtrapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade.
Amang the lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cliverеſt of them a'.

Elſpa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae ſkaith.
He is a bairn, I'll ſay't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trou, good wife, if I be not miſtane,
He ſeems to be with *Peggy's* beauty tane;
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonier needna be,
Nor better be't ſhe were na kin to me.

Symon. Ha, *Glaud!* I doubt that ne'er will be
match;
My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch;

And or he were, for reaſons I'll not tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools myſell.

Glaud. What reaſon can ye have? There's nane I'm ſure,
Unleſs ye may caſt up that ſhe's but poor:
But gif the laſſie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ane *Jenny* kind:
Fourſcore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that ay at milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that day ſhe's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at ſpaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs, I'll early to them give.

Elſpa. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna ſpeer,
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhould hear.

Symon Or this day aught days, likely ye ſhall learn,
That our denial diſna ſlight his bairn.

Glaud. Well na mair o't—come gie's the other bend,
We'll drink their healths whatever way it end.

(Their healths gae round)

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*—by ſome 'tis ſaid
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your Hallon-ſide, ae morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran *Madge*, my titty, tell ſic flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O Father, there's an auld man on the green,
The felleſt fortune-teller e'er was ſeen;

tents our loofs, and ſyne whops out a book,
Farns o'er the leaves and gie's our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddeſt tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is grey and lang and grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can ſay,
None ſhall gang hungry by my houſe to day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling fortune, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my grey mare.

Glaud. Spaeman! The truth of a' their ſaws I doubt:
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Jenny returns, bringing Sir William; with them Patie.

Symon. Your welcome honeſt carle—here tak a ſeat.

Sir Wm. I give ye thanks, good man, I'ſe no be blate.

Glaud drinks.

Glaud. Come, t'ye friend—how far came ye the day?

Sir Wm. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but a little way
Rouſted with eild, a wie piece gate ſeems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maiſt that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to ſtay all night wi' me,
And tak ſic bed and board as we can gie.

Sir Wm. That's kind unſought.—Well gin ye have a bairn
That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my ſkill,
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon pointing to Patie.

Symon. Only that lad, alake! I hae nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir Wm. Young man lets ſee your hand.—What gars you ſneer!

Patie. Becauſe your ſkill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wm. Ye cut before the point.—But, Billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouſe-mark on your ſide.

Elſ. Betouch us too?—and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the deil's our grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a ſark.

Sir Wm. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be ſpar'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elſ. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman? what think ye now!

Sym. I dinna ken: ſtrange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

Patie's health gaes round.

Patie. A laird of twa good whiſtles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my truſty, tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great eſtate—and like to be:
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whiſht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand;
Aft-times as broken a ſhip has come to land.

Sir William *looks a little at* Patie's *hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

Elſ. Preſerve's!—the man's a warlock, or poſſeſt
Wi' ſome nae good,—or ſecond ſight, at leaſt:
Where is he now?———

Gl. ——————He's ſeeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elſ. Thae ſecond-ſighted fowk (His peace be here;)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can ſee my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Spear at him, ſoon as he comes to himſell)
How ſoon we'll ſee Sir William? Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll ſoon grow better;—Elſpa, haſte ye, gae
And fill him up a toſs of uſquebae.

Sir William ſtarts up, and ſpeaks.

A knight that for a Lyon fought
Againſt a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which ſome thouſands ſhares.
But now again the Lyon rares,
And joy ſpreads o'er the plain:
The Lyon has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.
That Knight, in a few days, ſhall bring
A ſhepherd frae the fauld,
And ſhall preſent him to his king,
A ſubject true and bald.
He Mr Patrick ſhall be call'd:
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald,
For it ſhall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your ſpaeing happen ſoon and weel;
But, faith, I'm red you've bargain'd wi' the dei'l,

To tell ſome tales that fowks wad ſecret keep:
Or do ye get them tald ye in your ſleep?
Sir Wm. Howe'er I get them, ne'er faſh your beard;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.
Sym. You propheſying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken,
The whimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk ſoon will make a noiſe o'er moor and dale.
Gla. It's nae ſma' ſport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for goſpel what the ſpaeman gives
Of ſlawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wiſh, we trow at ony rate.
Sir Wm. Whiſht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the ſun
Has driven twice down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.
Gla. Weel, be't ſae friends, I ſhall ſay naething mair;
But I've twa ſonſy laſſes young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wiſh you cou'd foreſee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.
Sir Wm. Nae mair throw' ſecrets I can ſift,
Till darkneſs black the bent:
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae reſt a while content.
Sym. Elſpa, caſt on the claith, fetch but ſome meat,
And of your beſt gar this auld ſtranger eat.

Sir Wm. Delay a while your hoſpitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have ſome private talk.
Sym Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your deſire;
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beſide the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our pint, and crack.
Gla. I'll out a while, and ſee the young anes play
My heart's ſtill light, albeit my locks be grey.

Exeunt

Act III. Scene. III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame;
Young Roger draps the reſt,
To whiſper out his melting flame,
And throw his Laſſie's breaſt.
Behind a buſh, weel hid frae ſight, they meet:
See, Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd.

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. Dear Jenny, I wad ſpeak t'ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh ye're ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.
Jen. And what wad Roger ſay, if he could ſpeak
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye're to ſeek?
Rog. Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my ſervice, ſighs, and langing een.
And I maun out wi't, tho' I riſk your ſcorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo you leſs, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honeſt lad, but that I may?
Ye canna ſay that e'er I ſaid you nay.
Rog. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.
Jen. I loo my father, couſin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I beſt had keep me free.
Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—ſay na that again;
What pleaſure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet ſtand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?
Jen. Ye have my pity elſe, to ſee ye ſet
On that whilk makes our ſweetneſs ſoon forget.
Wow! but ye're bonny, good, and every thing!
How ſweet we breathe, whene'er we kiſs or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner fools to gi'e conſent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent;
When priſon'd in our four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt drudge at hame.
Rog. That only happens, when for ſake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mear;
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind,
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love engages me,
(Tho' thou ſhould ſcorn) ſtill to delight in thee.
Jen. What ſugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.

I've ſeen, wi' ſhining fair, the morning riſe,
And ſoon the ſleety clouds mirk a' the ſkies.
I've ſeen the ſiller ſprings a while run clear,
And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may ſmile,
But ſoon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've ſeen the morning riſe wi' faireſt light,
The day unclouded ſink in calmeſt night:
I've ſeen a ſpring rin whimpling thro' the plain,
Increaſe and join the ocean without ſtain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may ſmile;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but ſure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The feweſt words my eaſy heart could gain:
For I maun own, ſince now at laſt you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmneſs in my breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This guſt of pleaſure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or ſtrike me! I'm a fird
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiſs till we be tir'd.
Kiſs, kiſs! we'll kiſs the ſun and ſtars away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briſs thy bonny breaſts and lips to mine.

Which may be ſung as follows: *Sang XIII.—Leith wynd.*

Jenny. Were I aſſured you'd conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain;

The eaſy mind, beſet wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine,
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

Roger. I'm happy now; ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline;
The pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then ſae kind?
O let me briſs thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part,
Come preſs thy mouth to mine.

Jen. With equal joy my eaſy heart gi'es way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
Now, by the warmeſt kiſſes thou haſt tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

Rog. I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb;
There ſhall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

Sang XIV.—O'er Bogie.

Well, I agree, you're ſure o' me;
Next to my father gae:
Mak him him content to gie conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows ca'd,
When bairns wants milk and meal.
Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will hae nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like thoſe in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find na fault in me.

Reg. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a hartſome houſe and tight,
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a'; which now gie's joy to me,
Becauſe I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny ſhou'd the ſamen ſkair.
My love and a' is yours; now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them laſt.

Jen. I'll do my beſt.—But ſee wha comes this way
Patie and Meg;—beſides I manna ſtay:
Let's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be ſeen, we'll drie a deal o' ſcorn.

Rog. To where the ſaugh-tree ſhades the mennin
pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep triſte, and meet me there;—there let us meet
To kiſs and tell our love;—there's nought ſae ſweet

Act III. Scene IV.

This ſcene preſents the Knight and Sym
Within a gallery of the place,

Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the Baron ſhewn his face,
But joking wi' his ſhepherd lee',
Aft ſpears the gate he kens fu" weel.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wm. To whom belongs this houſe, ſo much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that loſt it, lending generous aid,
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Againſt the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our maſter's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

(Sir William draps his maſking beard;
Symon, tranſported, ſees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And graſps him round the knees.)

My maſter! my dear maſter!—do I breathe
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong, and free frae ſkaith!
Return'd to chear his wiſhing tenant's ſight,
To bleſs his ſon, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir Wm. Riſe, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this diſguiſe,
And I'm confirm'd thy conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the ſecret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your ſtrict command
Was the firſt lock;—neiſt, my ain judgment fand

Out reaſons plenty; ſince, without eſtate,
A youth, tho' ſprung frae kings, looks baugh an
blate.

Sir Wm. And aften vain and idly ſpend their time
Till grown unfit for action, paſt their prime,
Hang on their friends; which gi'es their ſouls a caſ
That turns them downright beggars at the laſt.

Sym. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye ha'e ſpoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's ſon that's loo'd by few:
His father ſteght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
A ſcrimp of manners as of ſenſe and grace:
Oppreſſing a', as puniſhment of their ſin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's ſae unjuſt
To his ain fam'ly, as to gi'e him truſt.

Sir *Wm.* Such uſeleſs branches of a common weal
Shou'd be lopt off, to give a ſtate more health,
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all the obſervations of my ſon:
A parent's fondneſs eaſily finds excuſe;
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuſe.

Sym. To ſpeak his praiſe, the langeſt ſummer day
Wad be o'er ſhort,—could I them right diſplay
In word and deed he can ſae weel behave,
That out o' ſight he runs before the lave;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or conteſt,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whaſe cauſe is beſt;
And his decreet ſtands good;—he'll gar it ſtand,
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;

Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeſt of our herds obey.
Sir *Wm.* Your tale much pleaſes—my good friend proceed,
What learning has he? Can he write and read?
Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gi'e him at the ſchool enough o' lear,
And he delites in books:—he read, and ſpeaks,
Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.
Sir *Wm.* Where gets he books to read?—and of what kind?
Tho' ſome give light, ſome blindly lead the blind.
Sym. Whene'er he drives our ſheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys ſome books, of hiſt'ry, ſangs, or ſport:
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakeſpear, and a famous Ben,
He often ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of men.
How ſweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling ſing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, and gars their verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought he made o'er great a phraſe,
About fine poems, hiſtories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.
Sir *Wm.* He anſwer'd well; and much ye glad my ear
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear.
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind

Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that ſae ſindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff ſpell,
Till a' the reſt ſleep round, as weel's ourſell? [more

Sir *Wm.* Well jeſted, Symon.—But one queſtion
I'll only aſk ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flihtger arround young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has nae young laſſie, with inviting mien,
And roſy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the worſt, but kent the ſma' part,
Till late, I ſaw him twa or three times mair ſweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now hae nought to fear,
Since like yourſell your ſon will ſoon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' theſe charms,
May bleſs the faireſt, beſt born lady's arms.

Sir *Wm.* This night muſt end his unambitious fir
When higher views ſhall greater thoughts inſpire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me:
None but yourſell ſhall our firſt meeting ſee.
Yonder's my horſe and ſervants nigh at hand,
They come juſt at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dreſs:
Now ye the ſecret may to all confeſs.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

Exit Symon

Sir WILLIAM ſolus.

When the event of hope ſucceſsfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thouſand toils are loſt in Lethe's ſtream,
And cares evaniſh like a morning dream;
When wiſh'd-for pleaſures riſe like morning light,
The pain that's paſt enhances the delight
Theſe joys I feel, that words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known, without my late diſtreſs.
But from his ruſtic buſineſs and love,
I muſt in haſte my Patrick ſoon remove,
To courts and camps that may his ſoul improve.
Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breaking ſhews its light,
'Till artful poliſhing has made it ſhine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the third Act.

* *

Act IV. Scene I.

The ſcene deſcribed in a former page.

Glaud's onſet.—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MADGE.

OUR laird's come hame! and owns young Patie his heir.

Mau. That's news indeed!——
Mad. ——————As true as ye ſtand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven ſnaw,
Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye marry a'.*
We ſerly'd meickla at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
As we ſtood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his een:
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd ſpae,
Yet for his pains and ſkill wad naething ha'e
Mau. Then ſure the laſſes, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.
Mad. As faſt as flaes ſkip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod-lowry hads without his mou'.
When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In ſimmer days ſlides backward in a pool:
In ſhort, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or ſpell.
At laſt, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
His welcome maſter;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and ſyne, for blythneſs, grat.
Patrick was ſent for;—happy lad was he!
Symon tald Elſpa, Elſpa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the ſecret ſtory ſoon:
And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as to Patie himſell.——
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has loſt her jo.

Mau. It may be ſae; wha kens? and may be no,
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;
And what has been before, may be again.
Mad. Sic nonſenſe! love take root, but tocher-good,
'Tween a hird's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood!
Sic faſhions in King Bruce's days might be;
But ſiccan ferlies now we never ſee.
Mau. Gif Pate forſakes her, Bauldy ſhe may gain:
Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain:
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.
Mad. He get her! ſlavarin coof: it ſets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teel:
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young maſter ſee——
Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
And ſo wad I. But whiſht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY ſinging.

Jenny ſaid to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the lad, I'll be the laſs myſell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free;
Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

I trow ſae.—Laſſes will come too at laſt,
Tho' for a while they maun their ſnaw-ba's caſt.
Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?
Baul. ——————Faith unco right:
I hope we'll a' ſleep ſound but ane this night.
Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane if we may aſk?
Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult taſk;
Poor bonny Peggy, wha man think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honeſt Mauſe, ſtand be
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
Leſs wilfu', and ay conſtant in my love.
Mad. As Neps can witneſs, and the buſhy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was ſworn:
Fy! Bauldy, bluſh, and vows of love regard;
What ither laſs will trow a manſworn herd?
The curſe of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er adviſe my niece ſae gray a gate;
Nor will ſhe be advis'd, tu' weel I wat,
Baul. Sae gray a get! manſworn! and a' the reſt
Ye lee'd, auld roudes—and, in faith, y' had beſt
Eat in your words; elſe I ſhall gar ye ſtand
Wi' a het face afore the haly band.
Mad. Ye'll gar me ſtand! ye ſheveling gabbi
brook;
Speak that again, and trembling, dread my rock,
And ten ſharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can flyp the ſkin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.
Baul. I tak ye witneſs, Mauſe, ye heard her ſay,
That I'm manſworn;—I winna let it gae.
Mad. Ye're witneſs too, he ca'd me bonny names
And ſhou'd be ſerv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!——
Flees to his hair like a fury.—A ſtout battle.—
Mauſe *endeavours to redd them.*
Mau. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt
Bauldy leen:

I wadna wiſh this tulzie had been ſeen ;
It's ſae daft like.——

Bauldy *gets out of* Madge's *clutches with a bleeding noſe.*

Mad.——————It's dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal :
It ſets him weel, wi' vile unſcrapit tongue,
To caſt up whether I be auld or young ;
They're aulder yet than I have married been;
And, or they died, their bairns's bairns have ſeen.

Mau. That's true ; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain chriſten'd name.

Baul. My lugs, my noſe, and noddle finds the ſame.

Mad. Auld roudes ! filthy fallow ; I ſall auld ye.

Mau. Howt, no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honeſt Bauldy.
Come, come, ſhake hands ; this maun nae farther gae :
Ye maun forgie 'm. I ſee the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Mauſe, I hae at Madge nae ſpite :
But ſhe abuſing firſt, was a' the wite
Of what has happen'd ; and ſhould therefore crave
My pardon firſt, and ſhall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon ! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat ;
Gae, or be blaſted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as ſwear.

Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, take him de'il he's o'er lang out of hell.
Bauldy *running off.*

Baul. His preſence be about us! curſt were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee
Madge *laughing.* *Exit* Bauldy.
I think I've towzl'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no ſoon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a raſcal that would mint to ſerve
A laſſie ſae, he does but ill deſerve.

Mau. Ye towz'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't;
His blooding ſnoot gae me nae little ſport:
For this forenoon he had that ſcant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna ſtand
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand.

Mad. A witch!—How had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to ſee or lugs to hear?

Mau. Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like mine
Obliges fowk reſentment to decline;
Till aft its ſeen, when vigour fails then we
With cunning can the lack of pith ſupply.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we wad gang to wark:
I'm ſure he'll keep his tryſt; and I came here
To ſeek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And ſpecial ſport we'll hae, as I proteſt;
Ye'll be the witch and I ſhall play the ghaiſt;
A linen ſheet wond round me like ane dead,

I'll cawk my face, and grane, and ſhake my head;
We'll fleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a laſſie wrang.

Mau. Then let us gae; for ſee, it's hard on night,
The weſtlin clouds ſhines red wi' ſetting light.

Exeunt.

Act IV. Scene II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough;
And the green ſwaird grows damp wi' falling dew;
While good Sir William is to reſt reir'd;
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inſpir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

Reg. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light;
O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fowk are farer ſeen than we
That naething hae to brag o' pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—ſweet,—and nae mair ſcorn.
I ſpake my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpake again,
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm ſometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an eſtate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a kindneſs, words that love confeſt,
He a' the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he held me to his manly breaſt.

Such were the eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, bleſſing of my youth;
Who ſet too ſoon!—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That ſpeechleſs lang, my late kend ſire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd.
Unuſual tranſports made my head turn round,
Whilſt I myſell, wi' riſing raptures, found
The happy ſon of ane ſo much renown'd.
But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids!—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart ſhall ſooner ceaſe.

Rog. How to adviſe ye troth I'm at a ſtand:
But were't my caſe, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Pat. Duty, and haſten reaſon, plead his cauſe:
But what cares love for reaſon, rules, and laws?
Still in my heart my ſhepherdeſs excells,
And part of my new happineſs repels.

Sang XV.—Kirk wad let me be.

Duty, and part of reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love to ſuperior calls treaſon,
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm ane of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſhood repels:
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only ſon.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love;
And frae theſe bands nae change my mind ſhall move.
I'll wed nane elſe; thro' life I will be true)
But ſtill obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our maſter and yourſell to ſtay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinbro' ſtraight to-morrow we advance;
To London neiſt; and afterwards to France,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn to dance.
And twa or three ither monkey tricks.—That done
I come hame ſtrutting in my red-heel'd ſhoon.
Then it's deſign'd, and when I can weel behave,
That I maun be ſome petted thing's dull ſlave,
For ſome few bags of caſh, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third weel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſic news, ſhall hear my death.

Rog. They wha hae juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep:
Good Mr Patrick tak your ain tale hame-

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the ſame:
The poor and rich differ but in the name.
Content's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift.—Without it, kings are poor.

Rog. But an eſtate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it ſcantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, ſaft beds, ſweet houſes, and red wine,
Good cheer, and witty friends, when e'er ye dine;

Obeyſant ſervants, honour, wealth, and eaſe;
Wha's no content wi' thae, are ill to pleaſe.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks nae far amiſs;
The paſſions rule the roaſt;—and if they're ſow'r,
Like the lean ky, will ſoon the fat devour.
The ſpleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt goads in gentry's ſide.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with fowk o'erlaid with eaſe;
While o'er the moor the ſhepherd, wi' leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh, and haleſome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your ſlights.
How gat ye a' that ſenſe, I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier diſappointments bear?

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat ſome ſkill;
Thae beſt can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne er grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtanes of cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent friends, that ever pleaſe.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me whilk to buy:
Faith I'ſe hae books, though I ſhould ſell my ky.
But now let's hear how you're deſigned to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies;—his will maun be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride;
But ſome time the laſt deſign maun hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye truſt me wi' the ſecret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'ils defy. *Exit Roger.*

PATIE *ſolus.*

Wi' what a ſtruggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken ſhe loes; and her ſaft ſaul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of diſappointment—Heaven ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red?—— ——————
———— ————My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Though I'm nae mair a ſhepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dar na think ſae high; I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or ſtill a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, ſee frae the coaſt
The ſhip that bears his all like to be loſt!
Like to be carry'd, by ſome rover's hand,
Far frae his wiſhes to ſome diſtant land!

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me remains
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's ſuperior to a parent's frown.
I falſehood hate:—comes, kiſs thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the taſk to me,
To make ſtrict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!—ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my grief:
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will ſoon inſpire.
That wi' nice air ſwims round in ſilk attire;

Then I, poor me! wi' ſighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my handſome Pate;
Nae mair again to hear ſweet tales expreſt,
By the blyth ſhepherd that excell'd the reſt:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin haff breathleſs round the rucks of hay;
As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fa'n on purpoſe that I might be tane,
Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
To watch and ſtare upon thee while aſleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me eaſe;
May ſudden death or deadly ſair diſeaſe,
And warſt of ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife!

Sang XVI.—Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Speak on,---ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief;
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
These tears, that will ſoon want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder;
A gentler face and ſilk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake, poor me! will now conſpire,
To tear thee from thy Peggy's boſom.
No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell;
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we aften ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rucks round which we played,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.
Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know wi' ſilent duty,

Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhould prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Patie. Sure heaven approves,—and be aſſur'd of me,
I'll e'er gang back of what I've ſworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Iſle:
Yet time nor diſtance, nor the faireſt face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy place.
I'd hate my riſing fortune ſhould it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and ſceptres laid,
To bribe my ſoul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior things
To ſic as hae the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy to hear thy words ſae kind,
When hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk deſpair
Made me think life was little worth my care.
My heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
Thy generous thoughts will ſave thy love for me.
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away till thou with joy appear,
And a' the while I'll ſtudy gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my traveller's arms.
I'll gain on uncle *Glaud*; he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk ſchool,
Where I may manners learn———

Or ſung as follows. Sang XVII.—Tweedſide.

When hope was quite ſunk in deſpair
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſave't for thy ſake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the lang year,
Aud ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in thoſe arms,
Whilſt thou was a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For Beauty, that's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade, like the gowans in May;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the huſband have ſenſe to approve.

Patie. ——————That's wiſely ſaid;
And what he wares that way ſhall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native ſweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, leſt in our ſtation we offend,
We muſt learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect aftimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap ſerenity, to keep up ſtate;

Laugh when we're ſad, ſpeak when we've nought to ſay,
And for the faſhion, when we're blyth, ſeem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft have ſcorn'd,
Then ſcandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill;—but I'll be ought with thee.

Patie. Na, na, my *Peggy*, I but only jeſt
Wi' gentry's apes; for ſtill amangſt the beſt,
Gude manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to pleaſe.

Peggy. Since with nae hazard, and ſae ſmall expence
My lad frae books can gather ſiccan ſenſe,
Then why, ah! why ſhould the tempeſtuous ſea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir *William's* cruel, that wad force his ſon,
For whatna-whats, ſae great a riſk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would ſhun it for thy ſake, my love;
But ſoon as I've ſhook aff my landward caſt
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haſte.

Peggy. With every ſetting day and riſing morn,
I'll kneel to heaven, and aſk thy ſafe return.
Under that tree, and on the ſuckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns to rin and play;
And to the hiſſel ſhaw, where firſt ye vow'd,
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy that they'll bear witneſs I am yours.

Or ſung as follows. *Sang XVIII.—Buſh aboon Traquair*

At ſetting day, and riſing morn,
Wi' ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll viſit aft the birken-buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh
Whilſt round thou did infald me,

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To Greenwood-ſhaw or fountain,
Or where the ſimmer-day I'd ſhare
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Patie. My dear, allow me fra thy temples fair,
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiſs, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Wer't in my power with better boons to pleaſe,
I'd gi'e the beſt I could with the ſame eaſe;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in a jot leſs generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not, but ſince we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime;
Love's ſafter meaning better is expreſt,
When 'tis with kiſſes on the heart impreſt.

Exeunt.

End of the fourth Act.

Act V. Scene I.

See how poor Bauldy ſtares like ane poſſeſt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly reſt:
Bare-legg'd with night cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the ſot.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye *Bauldy* at this early hour,
When drowſy ſleep keep a' beneath its power?
Far to the *North* the ſcant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye ſhake, and glowr, and look ſae wan?
Your teeth they chatter, hair like briſtles ſtand.

Bauldy. O len me ſoon ſome water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs with ſhaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane,
Alake! I'll never be my ſell again.
I'll ne'er o'er put it! *Symon*, O *Symon*, O!

Symon gives him a drink.

Symon. What ails thee, gowk! to make ſo loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed,
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd; I hear his tred.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Wm. How goes the night? Does day light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeouſly aſteer.

Symon. I'm ſorry, Sir, that we've diſturb'd your reſt;
But ſome ſtrange thing has *Bauldy's* ſpirit oppreſt,
He's ſeen ſome witch, or wreſtled with ſome gueſt.

Bauldy. O ay! dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Wm. I lang to hear't.———

Bauldy. ———A! Sir, that witch ca'd *Mauſe*,
That wins aboon the hill amang the haws,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart laſſie's heart.
As ſhe had tryſted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get ſic a fright!
For the curſt hag, inſtead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaiſt or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corpſe, in ſheet as white as milk.
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me faſt the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at ſchool:
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
I pithleſs grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vaniſh'd quite;
Syne I, half dead with anger, fear and ſpite,
Crap up and fled ſtraight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.
I'm ſure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt
Till in a fat tar barrel *Mauſe* be burnt.

Sir Wm. Well, *Bauldy*, whate'er's juſt ſhall granted be,
Let *Mauſe* be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour, ſoon ſhall I obey;
But firſt I'll *Roger* raiſe, and twa or three mae,
To catch her faſt, ere ſhe get leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her cantrips that bring up the deel.

Exit Bauldy.

Sir Wm. Troth Symon, Bauldy's mare afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaiſt have made themſelves good ſport
What ſilly notions croud the clouded mind,
That is, thro' want of education, blind.

Symon. But does your honour think there's nae ſic thing
As witches raiſing deels up thro' a ring;
Syne playing tricks? A thouſand I could tell,
Could never be contriv'd on this ſide hell.

Sir Wm. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amangſt a few auld women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to ſee him friſk and lowp,
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
Appearing ſometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft times lik bawtys, badrans, or a ſow;
Then with this train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom ſtaffs ride;
Or in an egg-ſhell ſkim out oe'r the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night, bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and ſtools
Whate'er's in ſpells, or if their witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle ſenſe, or yet was rich;
But Mauſe, thro' poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt life.
That gars me think this hobleſhaw that's paſt,
Will land in naithing but a joke at laſt.

Sir Wm. I'm ſure it will. But ſee increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to night:
Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.

Sang XIX. —Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray;
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day!
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow:
The lark and linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace pageantry free.
While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain;
Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

Exeunt.

Act V. Scene II.

While Peggy laces up her boſom fair
Wi' o' blue ſnood, Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud by his morning ingle take a beek,
The riſing ſun ſhines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the laſſes pleaſe his een,
And now and then his joke maun intervene.

Glaud. I wiſh my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not uſe ſae ſoon to ſee the light;
Nae doubt you now intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick, or he gang:

But do you think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart laſſes will regard?

Jenny. Tho' he's young maſter now, I'm very ſure,
He has mair ſenſe than ſlight auld friends, tho' poor;
But yeſterday he gae us mony a tug,
And kiſs'd my couſin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Aye, aye, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be adviſ'd, his company refrain:
Before he was a ſhepherd, ſought a wife,
With her to live a chaſte and frugal life;
But now, grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake! what's that? Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll ne'er be't, elſe I have tint my ſkill.

Glaud. Daft laſſie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare;
A rake's a graceleſs ſpark, that thinks nae ſhame
To do what like of us thinks ſhame to name.
Sic are ſae void of ſhame, they'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they have had the clap.
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith fluſh'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jeſt, when ye're debauch'd,
Be wary then, I ſay, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with ſic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood,
And may not Patrick too like him be good.

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiſer, better are than we;
But thinner ſawn; they're ſae puft up with pride,

There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That ſhaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard myſell,
Some of them laugh at doom's-day, ſin, and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doom's-day, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear, but curſe, debauch, and drink.
But I'm not ſaying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to ſic gaits will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid!—na, he kens better things
But here comes aunt, her face ſome ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haſte, haſte ye, we're a' ſent for o'er the gate,
To hear and help to redd ſome odd debate
'Tween Mauſe and Bauldy, 'bout ſome witchcraft ſpell,
At Symon's houſe, the Knight ſits judge himſell.

Glaud. Lend me my ſtaff.—Madge lock the outer door,
And bring the laſſes wi' ye, I'll ſtep before.

Exit Glaud.

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er ſeen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?
This day her brankan wooer takes his horſe,
To ſtrut a gentle ſpark at Edinburgh croſs;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice ſword, and a glancing headed cane:
To leave his Ram-horn ſpoons, and kitted whey,

For gentler tea, that ſmells like new-won hay;
To leave the green ſwaird dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle amang the beauties clad in ſilk;
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the ſhepherd ſtay,
And tak what god will ſend in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt what needs ye faſh us wi' your ſcorn?
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of ſome laird had been,
I neer had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now, ſince he riſes, why ſhould I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then the like has been, if the decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny ſtorry, trouth!—but we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

Act V. Scene III.

Sir William fills the twa arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mauſe
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daſt Bauldy bluntly plead his cauſe:
For eow 'tis tell'd him that the rawſe
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Becauſe he brake good-breeding's laws,
And with his nonſenſe rais'd their rage.

Sir Wm. And was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye
was ſerv'd
Nae otherwiſe than what ye well deſerv'd:
Was it ſo ſmall a matter to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt woman's name?

Beſides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confeſs my faut thro' a' the ſteps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to Neps.

Mauſe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the ſcore,
I ken'd not that they thought me ſic before.

Bauldy. An't like your honour, I believ't wee!,
But troth I was e'en doilt to ſeek the deel;
Yet with your honour's leave, tho' ſhe's noe witch,
She's baith a ſlee and a revengfu' ———
And that my ſome place finds;—but I had beſt
Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaiſt,
And the young bonny witch, whaſe roſy cheek
Sent my without my wit the deel to ſeek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir William looking at Peggy.

Whoſe daughter's ſhe that wears the Aurora gown,
With face ſo fair, and looks a lovely brown?
How ſparkling are her eyes! what's this? I find
The girl brings all my ſiſter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?———————

Gla.———————Sir, ſhe's my niece,—
And yet ſhe's not:—But I ſhould hald my peace.

Sir *Wm.* This is a contradiction; What d'ye mean?
She is and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla Becauſe I doubt, if I ſhould mak appear
What I ha'e kept a ſecret thirteen years—

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir *Wm.* Speak ſoon; I'm all impatience—
Pat. ————————So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.
Gla. Then, ſince my maſter's orders, I obey.—
This bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
Cloſs by the lee ſide of my door I found,
All ſweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.
What could they be, thought I, did thee forſake?
Wha, warſe than brutes, could leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, ſae ſweetly fair,
Sae helpleſs young? for ſhe appear'd to me
Only about twa twomands auld to be.
I took her in my arms; the barnie ſmil'd
Wi' ſic a look, wad mak a ſavage mild.
I bid the ſtory: ſhe has paſt ſince ſyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For ſhe's weel worth the pains that I have tane.
Ye ſee ſhe's bonny: I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And am right ſure ſhe's come of gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna ——Naething ken I mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.
Sir *Wm.* This tale ſeems ſtrange!———
Pat. ————————The tale delights mine ear.
Sir *Wm.* Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.
Mau. That be my taſk.—Now, Sir, bid a' be huſh;
Peggy may ſmile;—thou haſt nae cauſe to bluſh;
Lang ha'e I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,
That I might ſafely to the truth gi'e way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The beſt and neareſt friend that ſhe can claim:
He ſaw't at firſt, and wi' quick eye did trace
His ſiſter's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir *Wm.* Old woman, do not rave;—prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to pay.

Pat. What reaſon, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when ſhe's ſae near her grave?
But how or why it ſhould be truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a reaſon want.

Omnes. The ſtory's odd! we wiſh we heard it out.

Sir *Wm.* Make haſte, good woman, and reſolve each doubt.

Mauſe *goes forward leading* Peggy *to Sir* William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years ſo plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have aften viewed,
That here I as an unknown ſtranger ſtand,
Who nurſt her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

Sir *Wm.* Ha! honeſt nurſe, where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulneſs, and need no more;
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her, who was ſo unkind?

Sir William *embraces* Peggy, *and makes her ſit by him.*

Yes, ſurely thou'rt my niece; truth muſt prevail:
But no more words, till Mauſe relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurſe, gae on; nae muſic's haff ſae fine,
Or can gie pleaſure like theſe words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that ſav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The ſtory's lang, but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſued, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a confident confeſt.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd ſmoor the ſackleſs orphan in her bed!
That very night, when a' were ſunk in reſt,
At midnight-hour, the floor I ſaftly preſt,
And ſtole the ſleeping innocent away;
Wi' whom I travell'd ſome few miles ere day:
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon:
Till caſtward fifty miles I reach'd theſe plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your chearfu' ſwains;
Afraid of being found out, I to ſecure
My charge, e'en laid her at this ſhepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er ſhould happen to her, might be by.
Here honeſt Glaud himſell, and Symon, may
Remember weel, how I that very day,
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud, *with tears of joy hoping down his beard.*
I weel remember't: Lord reward your love:
Lang ha'e I wiſh'd for this: for aft I thought
Sic knowledge ſometime ſhould about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love ſurvey her charms,
And blame me not for ruſhing to her arms.

She's mine by vows; and wou'd, tho' ſtill unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durſt own.
Sir *Wm.* My niece! my daughter! welcome to my care;
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greateſt aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd-flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

Patie *and* Peggy *embrace, and kneel to* Sir William.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this bleſſing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's ſinking in a wave.

Sir William *raiſes them.*

I give you both my bleſſing: may your love
Produce a happy race, and ſtill improve.
Peg. My wiſhes are complete—my joys ariſe,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the bleſt ſurpriſe.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me ſo much generous kindneſs had?
Lang may Sir William bleſs the happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.
Pat. Be lang our guardian, ſtill our maſters be,
We'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gi'e:
Th' eſtate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.
Gla. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that ſought her life for wicked ends.
Sir *Wm.* The baſe unnatural villain ſoon ſhall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth, and an eſtate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi my Pate:
For his ſake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For ſuch a kindneſs, beſt of men, to you.
Sym. What double blythneſs wakens up this day?
I hope now, Sir, you'll no ſoon haſte away.
Shall I unſaddle your horſe, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Mauſe's plot.
Sir *Wm.* Kindly old man, remain with you this day?
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray:
Maſons and wrights ſhall ſoon my houſe repair,
And buſy gard'ners ſhall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.
Sym. That's the beſt news I heard this twenty years;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.
Gla. God ſave the king, and ſave Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raiſe the ſhepherd's ſang.
Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuſe to ſing?
What ſhepherd's whiſtle winna hit the ſpring?
Baul. I'm friends with Mauſe,—wi' every Madge I'm 'greed,
Altho' they ſkelpit me when woodly flied:
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
And join and ſing Lang may Sir William live:
Mad. Lang may he live:—and, Bauldy, learn to ſteek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye ſpeak;

And never ca' her auld that wants a man.
This day I'll wi' the youngeſt of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!
Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
And, my good nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchleſs kindneſs done to me?
Mau. The flowing pleaſures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.
S *Wm.* To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud to you,
And to your heirs, I give an endleſs feu,
The mailens ye poſſeſs, as juſtly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe, in calmneſs cloſe your days,
With nought to do but ſing your maker's praiſe.
Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your bleſſings roove.
Patie, *preſenting* Roger *to* Sir William.
Sir, here's my truſty friend, that always ſhar'd
My boſom-ſecrets, ere I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter Jannet (Jenny, think na ſhame)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb; at laſt he ſpake, and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon:
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to Glaud for his conſent,
That nane may wear a face of diſcontent.
Sir *Wm.* My ſon's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me crave
That truſty Roger may your daughter have,

With frank conſent; and while he does remain
Upon theſe fie'ds, I make him chamberlain.
Gla. You crowd your bounties Sir; what can we ſay,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay;
Whate'er your honour wills I ſhall obey.
Roger, my daughter, wi' my bleſſing tak,
And ſtill our maſter's right your buſineſs mak.
Pleaſe him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head
Shall nod wi' quietneſs down amang the dead.
Rog. I ne'er was good at ſpeaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraiſe:
But for my maſter, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.
Sir *Wm.* My friends. I'm ſatisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his ſtation, as I'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever virtuous; ſoon or late you'll find
Reward, and ſatisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life ſometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd:
Oft when we ſtand on brinks of dark deſpair,
Some happy turn, with joy, diſpels our care.
Now all's at rights, who ſings beſt, let me hear.
Peg. When you demand, I readieſt ſhould obey:
I'll ſing you ane the neweſt that I hae.

SANG XIX. *Corn Rigs are bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy:
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's comely in his wauking:
The ſh ning of his een ſurpriſe;
It's heaven to hear him tauking.
Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing:
The e mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
The corn-rigs are bonny.
Let laſſes of a ſil y mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting!
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry PATE;
And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to touze air or late,
Where corn rigs are bonny.

FINIS.